

MONARCHY

AND

CHURCH,

As explain'd by

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L O N D O N,

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Monarchy and Church, &c.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

OF all the Cheats and Shams that have of late
Shock'd our Religion, and embroil'd our State,
None more abuse, and leave us in the Lurch,
Than those false Cries of *Monarchy and Church*:
To these bewitching Sounds, these mighty Charms,
We chiefly owe the Miseries and Harms
Which fill'd some former Reigns; and tho' at last
Kind Heav'n an Eye upon our Bondage cast,
And opportunely to our Rescue sent,
These plague us still, and clog our Settlement.
So when the *Hebrew Chief*, on *Egypt's Strand*,
Such Wonders wrought by the Almighty's Hand,
That the wish'd Freedom was almost obtain'd,
Two *Sham Magicians* set it back again.

I.

For *Monarchy*, it is by all confess'd
Our antient Government, that suits us best;
Our legal Form, to which our Statutes bind,
By Laws supported, and by Laws defin'd:
And more what can be ask'd? But when this Name
Shall soar an Heav'nly Pitch, and Kindred claim

With



With *Jove* himself: When boundless Tyranny,
 Contemning Laws, shall fetch its Pedigree
 From sacred Writ, and be impos'd upon
 The World, on Pain of dire Damnation;
 The High-Church Tribe, with their Paternal Farce
 Into one House shall cramp the Universe:
 That *Noah's* Heir despotically might rule,
 Altho' a Cocker, Madman, Knave, or Fool:
 When *Hodge* and *Parker's* Doctrines do revive,
 Which God Almighty's Pow'r to Monarchs give,
 To rule the World with such a perfect Sway,
 That they the *Potters* are, and we the *Clay*:
 We rub our Eyes, and quickly are aware
 What the Result of such wild Maxims are.
 For then our Laws are Mockery and Sport,
 Our Judges are but Heralds to the Court.
 Our *antient* Rolls, grown useless to preserve
 Our *Rights*, may then for Taylors Measures serve,
 Or Childrens Drums; our *Property* and *Claims*
 Are all but blustering Sounds, and empty Names:
 Our *Charters* too are void, tho' sworn and sign'd,
 For no Concessions *Right Divine* can bind.
 Who strives to limit such a Sov'reign Head,
 Fetters *Levi'than* with a single Thread:
 Heav'ns Darling, he was only made to sport,
 And take his Pastime in the watery Court,
 Where all th' inferior Mutes, and lesser Fry,
 Are but his Chattels, Goods and Property.
 Then talk of nat'ral Liberty no more,
 Equality of Souls is out of Door,
 All, but of Kings, were stamp'd for Slaves and Poor.
 And were they visible, you might descry
 The native Badges of Servility:

As

As Camels shew they were design'd for Packs,
 By nat'ral Pack-saddles upon their Backs.
 Such Notions well might sute the former Reigns,
 When *French* and *Turkish* Models fill'd our Brains;
 But under *Anna*, who's inspir'd to be
 The great Support of *Europe's* Liberty,
 Such Language needs must grate upon our Ears,
 And 'midst our Joys and Hopes, must whisper Fears:
 When such for Patriots pass, who t'other Day
 Were the known Tools of Arbitrary Sway;
 And those that *English* Laws and *Freedom* plead,
Republicans are presently decreed;
 Blackning of those who have so plainly shown
 Themselves the *best Supporters of the Throne*.
 Well may we fear they'd pave th' Impostor's Way,
 And give us up the *Gallick* Tyrant's Prey;
 Else of Hereditary Right why make they Choice,
 In Opposition to the People's Voice?
 Or why must non-resisting Cant obtain,
 But to advance the bold Pretender's Claim?
 Fears wou'd arise from hence——
 Had not our Patriots greatly own'd the Cause,
 Defended *Anna's* Right, maintain'd our Laws.
 Those Laws by which each *Britain* keeps his own,
 By which our pious *Anna* holds her Crown.
 The Laws maintain the Subjects Right, and firmly fix
 (the Throne.

II.

But, *O the Church!* that, that's the Second Cry,
 As *very a Sham* as that of *Monarchy*:
 For while the *Letters* in our Ears do ring,
 The *Cabala* is quite another Thing.

Some

Some mean by *Church* down-right Debauchery ;
 For tho' our Church abhors such Villany,
 Yet when a Sot, or Bully, reeking from
 Tavern or Brothel, to a Church doth come,
 Mumbling his Orisons without Regard,
 To charm his Conscience, more than to be heard,
 That he might sin a-fresh with greater Gust,
 (As *Turks* with *Opium* fortify their Lust)
 Then, *Ah the Church, the Church!* that sacred Name
 Must serve to hallow his impurer Flame;
 Cancel *old* Sins, and qualify for *new*,
 Give *Absolution*, and a *License* too.
 So when he hugs the Sanctuary-walls,
 Himself a Saint the *Malefactor* calls ;
 Christens his Fears, and from the sacred Stone
 Hath turn'd his Flight into *Devotion*.
 So *Temples* were by Heathens made their *Stews*,
 And *Dens of Thieves* and *Robbers* by the *Jews*.
 So *Eli's* Sons, who at the very Doors
 Of the Assembly made the Women Whores,
 Were *Church-men* too, but to the *Church's* Cost ;
 For by such *Church-men* soon the Ark was lost.

With others, Name of *Church* doth signify
 A meer misplaced Zeal and Bigotry
 For Rites and Ceremonies——
 Such as perhaps the Church might better spare,
 And more her Blemish than her Beauty are.
 Live as you list, this Man doth not regard ;
 Infringe her *Doctrines* too, he is not stirr'd :
 But touch a *Surplice*, or an *Eastern Nod*,
 You wound his *Darling*, and blaspheme his God.

Ask him but whence unlighted Candles came,
 And streight the Man himself is in a Flame:
 Speak but against the *Cross*, he'll read your Doom,
 That you deserve to hang in *Gismas* Room:
 He'd rather have Two *Easters* in a Year,
 Than to disturb the *sacred Calendar*.

What most is scrupl'd, that he values most;
 And rather would have all Dissenters lost,
 Than *old Translation* be again refitted,
 Or *Tobit* and his *Dog* should be omitted.
 And if you do but lisp of Alteration,
 Then streight *Vox Cleri* must alarm the Nation:
 You're then *Phanatick*, *Neuter*, *Half-way-man*,
 A Mungrel *Latitudinarian*;
 You pull the Church down; for 'twill surely fall
 If you but pick one Pebble from the Wall:
 Or tho' you never move the smallest Stone,
 'Tis Sacrilege to pull the Ivy down.
 So *Pedants* count themselves best Orators,
 And *Fops* and *Beaus* the only Courtiers.
 So Dancing-masters walk the Fields by Rules,
 Whilst all the World proclaims 'em formal Fools.

A Third, by *Church* mean *Persecution*,
 A right Church-militant with Sword and Gun:
 A Church that governs more by Fear than Love,
 And more hath of the Eagle than the Dove:
 A Church that into *Swords* doth beat her *Shares*,
 And all her *Pruning-hooks* converts to *Spears*.

" Ah! could we but these Vermin hunt to Death

" By *Five and Thirtieth* of *Elizabeth*;

" Or plague them by Imprisonment or Fine,

" Until we had compell'd them to come in,

'Twere

“ ’Twere brave indeed ! but since that’s laid asleep,
 “ And (which is still a Wound more wide and deep)
 “ A free and legal Toleration
 “ Is gain’d by all that do our Doctrines own :
 “ What Help remains, the Church doth gasping lie,
 “ And all is lost beyond Recovery !

But hold Sir ! Is’t impossible to save
 The *Church*’s Life, and keep her from the Grave, }
 Unless these Steel Prescriptions we have ? }
 Pray tell me how in Ages primitive
 She made a Shift to keep her self alive,
 And flourish’d too ? Or else resolve me how }
 All pious Pastors hold up Churches now : }
 By *Preaching and good Life* ? and so may you. }
 The Way is open, imitate your Lord,
 And *that alone* will Followers afford.
 Most Men are not so giddy as to scorn
 Good Sermons more at Church than in a Barn,
 Or think an Heav’nly Life less fair doth look
 Under a Gown and Cassock than a Cloak.
 But if you rather chuse to prop your Cause
 By violent and compulsory Laws,
 Which is *Dragooning* in the best Edition,
 (Or younger Brother to an *Inquisition*)
 Your Church will meet the Fate of Tyranny,
 Hated to live, and soon unpitied die.

The last of these pretended Cheats and Shams,
 Doth [by the *Church*] at Bottom mean young *James*.
 Let one that’s true to *Anna*’s Interest,
 (Altho’ as good a Church-man as the best)
 Attempt to stand at an Election,
 Streight he’s a *Whig* : The *Church* is quite undone !
 But

But for a trusty Spark, that secretly
 Drinks *James's* Health, when knows his Company,
 They rend the Welkin with their bellowing Cry. }
 There needs no *Oedipus* to unriddle this;
Church is the Apologue, and *James* the Moral is.
 But if you think indeed *that Spark* your Friend,
 And that your Church he'll mightily defend;
 Then pray, to do King *Lewis* Right remember,
 Give him the Stile too of your *Great Defender*:
 Hast'ning no Mortal knows to whose Relief,
 In pure Compassion sent his Fleet to *Leith*.
 This would resolve the Question, whether *France*
 Went thither by Agreement, or by Chance?
 And who must pay him his expended Pelf?
 Or if he wou'd not *wisely* pay himself?
 And ballancing the Charge against the Gains,
 Rescue the Church, and take it for his Pains?
 But whatsoever Int'rest was intended,
 By *French Invasion* here to be befriended,
 'Tis all a Case, the Treason is the same,
 Whoe'er the Authors are; and if the Name
 Of *Church* must shelter ev'ry Plotting Knave,
 (As once the Ark did Toads and Vipers save)
 Both Church and State, so late at Ruin's Brink,
 Sav'd in a Storm, will in the *Harbour* sink.

F I N I S.



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